OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

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Timely Comment
:—on Topics of Interest in—:
Church and State

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman continues to preach to a crowded house twice daily in Charlotte. So far his success is splendid, and many souls are being borne into the Kingdom.

The unjust attacks being made upon Secretary Josephus Daniels by the northern papers and magazines because of his stand for prohibition in the navy, will only raise him in the estimation of his many friends "down south." Daniels is no weakling.

The State lost a most useful man when Col. A. B. Andrews was called home from his earthly labors. He was loyal to the best interests of North Carolina and did much for the Old North State as first vice-president of the Southern Railway.

King Cotton has ascended his throne and reached the coveted price of ten cents the pound. Better beware, farmer friends, this is said to be work of speculators to induce you to plant a big crop. There are certain organizations in this country which will keep the Southern farmers in the goat house all the time if they can.

The inauguration of President Edward K. Graham at Chapel Hill yesterday will long be remembered by the friends of the University. Elaborate plans were laid to make the occasion notable in the history of the University. Besides the presence of notable men as speakers there was a great gathering of former students and friends of the fine old institution.

And now old Huerta is on his way to Mexico. He has figured some way by which he can jump in and snatch the bone from both Villa and Carranza. Really, old Huerta is no worse than the others and here's hopes that he can bring that unhappy nation to terms. When last heard from they were still fighting in Mexico.

That negro Trotter who tried to raise a row with President Wilson some time ago because race segregation was enforced in government departments, was arrested a few nights ago for trying to gain admission to a theatre where the presence of negroes was undesired. It required 100 police reserves to protect the impudent negroes. Evidently our friends up North are awakening to the fact that the new race of negroes are not such desirable citizens. The old negroes are all right, but the youngsters are all "rounders."

Unless the United States succeeds in getting dye stuffs from Germany 400,000 men in twenty-eight states will be thrown out of work by the middle of May. Every effort is being made to secure the dyes but it seems that the blockade of England is very effective indeed, so much so, in fact, that Germany wants the United States to demand her rights to carry food to Germany and get her products in return. England not only receives food but munitions of war in great quanities. Of course England is imposing on our good nature but so would Germany if she were in a position to do so. Sit steady in the boat, Uncle Sam.

Spring

Sing a song of Springtime—
The earth full of joy;
The universe smiling,
On the barefoot boy.
Healthy breezes fanning,
Birds on the wing;
This old earth's an Eden-land,
'Long about spring.

Sing a song of springtime—
Skies of azure blue;
Daises in the meadows,
Just peeping thru.
Violets and buttercups,
Fragrant and sweet,
I'd like to go to heaven,
But this earth's hard to beat.

Sing a song of springtime—
Gentle April showers;
Sunshine and honey bees,
Flirting with the flowers;
Daffodils dressing up;
Fashionable and neat,
'Long about springtime—
This planet's hard to beat.

Sing a song of springtime—
But sigh for days agone;
Weep for youthful happiness,
Aspirations never won.
Yea, cherished hopes have vanished,
As an army in retreat,
Still,—this old earth at springtime,
Is mighty hard to beat.

Where women have been given the ballot they are making men sit up and take notice, and especially is it true where shysters have been in control. As a matter of fact, women are hard to fool, and their mental ability often surpasses that of men. In commenting on the debate at Chapel Hill in which two Wilson young ladies won against a great host of boys, the Monroe Journal says, It seems that according to this contest the girls of North Carolina are more able than the boys in discussing the principles of a great public question, yet according to the idea of a great many folks these same girls would be totally incompetent to go to the polls and vote on the execution of those principles. Isn't it funny.

It is a trifle amusing.

What is Sin?

The words of Billy Sunday may not be accurately definitive, but they are vividly descriptive. He says: "What is sin? It is a viper which fastens its fangs in the soul and fills it with poison; it is a serpent that twists its slimy coils around the soul and crushes out its life; it is whirlpool that drawn the soul out of its course to heaven and plunges it down to hell; it is a loathsome, incurable disease which turns all moral beauty into rottenness and filth; it is a chain which the sinner forges, link, by link; it is a sexton that digs graves for human souls; it is a stoker that feeds and fires mere passion and hate; it is a siren luring men into her embrace and then leaps with them into the surging sea of ruin."

—By referring to the table on page four it will be seen that our Synod paid $1,556.67 more than the amount apportioned. This is a good showing. However, it does not mean that we received more than we needed; on the contrary, with an increase in the number of children cared for and an increase in the cost of provisions, the apportionment of $20,000 is not enough to meet expenses. Asheville, Kings Mountain, Mecklenburg and Wilmington Presbyteries failed to come up to their apportionment, but Abemarle, Concord, Fayetteville and Orange Presbyteries made up for this shortage by contributing more than their apportionments. With business conditions mending it is safe to say that our Home will not be hampered with a debt. For this unparalled liberality we are very thankful to our people and to our Heavenly Father.

The Story Would Be Different If

Sixteen million bales of cotton—what a different story there would be if half the elbow grease, and wear and tear on mules, that it took to make this world-full of cotton, had been employed in producing things that men and mules and hogs eat.—Greensboro News.

HOME HAPPENINGS

—Misses Miller, Brown and Gordon went to Charlotte last Tuesday to hear Dr. Chapman.

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—Messrs. Abee and Moser of Hickory were here this week putting the finishing touches to the school building.

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—Misses Robinson, Perry, Crawford and MacRae spent last Thursday in Charlotte attending the Chapman meetings.

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—In the absence of Supt Walker and assistant Supt Lowrance Sunday, Editor Gray conducted Sunday School.

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—Miss Bessie Hudson of Statesville College spent the week-end here as the guest of Miss Allie Mae Arey.

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—Misses McEachin, Barnette and Foust and Mr. Walker went to Charlotte last week to hear Dr. Chapman.

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—Fortunately we have no sick list at this time. However, as this is the season when spring fever is abroad in the land, a few may be seen sojourning around the haven of rest.

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—"In the spring a young man's thoughts lightly turn to love," says a noted English writer. Had he been an American he would have said: in the spring a young man's thoughts turn to base ball.

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—Misses McEachin, Lyon, Barnette and Miller are attending Concord Presbyterial in session in Mooresville at this time. Miss McEachin is the representative of our Ladies Missionary Society.

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—The following bit of conversation between two negroes was recently overheard by the editor. "Ain't you got no eggs?" "I ain't said I ain't!" "I ain't axed you is you ain't; I axed you is you is! Is you?"

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—"Get the boys and girls started right and the devil will hang crepe on his door," says Billy Sunday. Turn over to page three and read some more of Billy's sayings. They are worth your time.

• • • •

—Maggie Lou Warlick leaves today for Knoxville, Tenn., where she will make her home with Mrs. H. L. Vance. Maggie Lou is a sweet and pretty girl and her friends are sorry to see her go. But she is to have a nice home and will be given splendid educational advantages.

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—We have recently mailed statements to all of our subscribers who are in arreas, and we earnestly request that you send us your renewal at once. Please do not make it necessary for us to send another statement. Remember that it takes money to run a newspaper and that there are hundreds who owe us at this time.

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—Turn over to page four and read "What five cents a month per member would accomplish." It all would be faithful to duty the Home could be easily supported without a heavy drain or any individual.

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—Next Sunday is the time for the collection for the orphanage in the Sunday schools. Superintendents will do us a favor by telling their pupils something of the work being done at Barium Springs. Make them regard it as their orphanage.

—Mr. J. W. Cloer, our former dairyman, was a visitor here yesterday.

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—Mr. and Mrs. Lowrance spent the week-end with relatives at Mooresville.

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—It gives us great pleasure to announce a bequest of $500.00 from Miss Bella McKay of Dunn. This godly woman was a friend of the orphans in her life time and remembered them in her will. May God reward her in the measure she so richly deserves.

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—We wish it to be understood that all interested in the Home have a standing invitation to come and visit us. We shall be glad to see you at any time, and we fell sure you will return home more in love than ever with the work that is being done for these children.

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—Mr. and Mrs. McGirt have gone to Durham where Mr. McGirt has accepted a position as county dairy demonstrator. Mr. McGirt was our dairyman for several months and proved himself very capable and faithful. He had endeared himself to his boys and they were all sorry to see him go.

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—We were delighted to have a visit from Rev. J. D. McLean, superintendent of the S-Western Presbyterian Orphanage, Itasca, Texas, this week. Dr. McLean was here from Saturday until Monday and spoke to the children in the dining room on Sunday and Monday mornings. His orphanage is younger than ours but is in a thriving condition.

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—In the first game of the season our boys defeated a team of school boys from Statesville last Saturday afternoon by the disputed score of 15 to 16. The game was very interesting and abounding with thrilling plays. The features were the hitting of both teams, the various pitchers having a small assortment of offerings to puzzle the batters. The Statesville team was composed of the nicest lot of boys that have ever played a game here.

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—There is an orphanage not one hundred miles from Barium Springs that is in debt $15,000, and yet, the superintendent of that orphanage says he isn't worrying at all. His faith in the friends of his institution is so great that he hasn't any doubt but that this debt will be wiped out Thanksgiving and leave the treasury well supplied with funds. Yea, verily, North Carolinians believe in caring for their orphans.

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—Our Fatherless Ones printed the programs for Concord Presbyterial and our boys are the recipients of many compliments for their neat job, notwithstanding the fact that women are hard to please. The ladies thanked us over and over again, paid for the work and on the final go round, sent "love to the printer boys." This is more than the average printer gets for his work and is calculated to make some of them a little jealous.

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—Last fall when the ladies' societies were sending us so many good things to eat, someone sent us some crab-apple pickles. You may have your doubts, but the editor thinks these are the best pickles he has ever tasted. Few people would consider crab apples good for anything but they certainly are, as a dish of sweet pickles made from them is a rare desert.

The Man My Mother Thinks I am.

While Walking down a crowded city street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade say:
"Say, chimmie, lemme tell yourse, I'd be happy as a clam
If only I was de feller dat me me mudder thinks I am.

She thinks I am a wonder, and she knows her little lad
Could never mix with nuttin' dat was ugly, mean, or bad.
Oh, lots of times I'd sit and think how nice 'twould be, gee whiz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mother thinks he is."

My friend, be yours a life of toil or undivided joy,
You can learn a lesson from that small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star;
Just aim to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—Pleasant Hours.

Commencement.

Our commencement will be held on May 21, 22, 23 and 24th. The exercises will be held in the auditorium of the new school building.

Rev. R. W. Boyd, former superintendent and the man who nursed the institution from infancy to its present admirable equipment, with the exception of improvements in recent years, has accepted the invitation to be present and make the Educational Address. This will be good news to his many friends here and all over the State.

Rev. J. Oscar Mann, of Fishersville, Va., is expected to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. Oscar is one of our former boys and God accepted him as the first fruit of the Orphans' Home. He is a young man of much promise and his presence here will be welcomed.

Our entertainment in the auditorium of the new school building will be above the average and a treat is in store for all who attend. The graduating class will render a delightful program. The boys will have their field day and ball game. Other details will be given later.

The graduating class is composed of very promising girls and boys. They are Anne Hartsell, Ruth Stanley, Cora Harrison, Grace Griffith, Ashley Jackson and Clingman Long. As usual, the boys have a small percentage of the members of the graduating class.

A re-union of our alumni is planned for the commencement occasion and every effort is being put forth to induce many old boys and girls to return and lend their presence in making the occasion one of real pleasure for Mr. Boyd, and a blessing for the Home in years to come.

—Mr. David Hudson and Mr. Hays Bennette of Davidson were welcome visitors here from Saturday night until Monday morning. They are volunteers for the foreign field as missionaries, and presented this cause at Front Street Church in Statesville Sunday morning and at Barium Sunday afternoon. Each made a forceful talk and held the close attention of the congregation. They made a strong appeal for volunteers to carry Christ message to those who have never heard. Messrs. Hudson and Bennette made many strong ties of friendship among the children and workers while here, and we hope they will come again.

—Rev. W. T. Walker was absent last Sunday afternoon assisting the pastor of Bethel Baptist with funeral service of little Ralph Hartsell, one-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Doke Hartsell. Mrs. Hartsell was a former orphanage girl, Miss Emma Wittman, and lives within half a mile of the Home.

GLEANINGS
:—FROM—:
Orphanage Papers.

The Orphan of Today

The orphan of today is often compared with the orphan of yesterday and the wide difference that is found in favor of today's orphan often dulls the sense of sympathy and altruism. The comparison is made taking only into account the immediate surroundings of the orphan children—their superior training, their better food and clothes, their splendid home life privileges, and these are held up against the fewer and poorer advantages of years and decades ago. The advance of the times, the progress of the entire country and people, and the ascending scale of civilization is not taken into consideration.

It is doubtful whether, in the light of present day advantages and opportunities and the awakening to the true sense of brotherhood, the orphan children are receiving the proportionate care and attention that was given them years ago. It is true they are not left as object of pity and commiseration—shame upon us if they were!—and more is done for their education and development, but will what is being done compare favorably with the advance along all other lines.

Education has practically opened its door to every child in the State while industrial training has likewise offered itself to almost every hand, so it is the homeless child that has become the inmate of the orphan home. So great has the spirit of uplift possessed the hearts of the people and so broadening has been the tender power of altruism that no mill-district or poor settlement is without what might be considered superior uplifting influences and surroundings. To them has been brought schools of every kind, music, recreation art and mental improvement. Self help has been so effectively suggested that the result are marvelous to contemplate.

Is that same spirit in a like degree actuating those upon whom has fallen the duty of maintaining a home for the homeless? Are the children given these advantages that will enable them to cope with there fellows when they go out again? These are considerations that should demand our attention when we talk of present day progress altruism and brotherly love.

Will somebody tell us why an orphan child should not have an education as well as anybody else's child? Is it because their tuition is free? Well is it not a fact that every child that attends the State school in our cities and towns, whether they be the children of the rich or poor, are getting their education free? The young man who goes to college these days is not paying for half he gets, as the heavy endowments these schools need, very easily show. Give the orphan lad a chance. He needs it more than the rich man's child for he will have to depend upon it for his future success.—Our Monthly.

A Good Team

A Sunday School Superintendent in sending his offering, said: "Our pastor gave us a good talk about the Home and your work there a few weeks ago, which impressed me very much. Since then I have kept the minds of our people fresh in regard to you and your work and our duty to help the work along."

See? When the pastor and the Sunday School Superintendent both get lined up we have a fine team. With such a combination our Orphan's Home will go steadily forward in growth and usefulness.—The Orphans' Herald.

In every piece of honest work, however irksome, laborious and commonplace, we are fellow-workers with God.—Meyer.

Our Fatherless Ones

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor-in-chief.
JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1915.

"America for me."

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice and great to study in Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back,
But the glory of the present is to make the future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, its home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
To the blessed land of Room Enough beyond the the ocean bars.
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.—Henry Van Dyke.

TRI-STATE CONFERENCE.

The most interesting and practical convention of orphanage workers in the history of the Tri-State Conference was held at Yorkville, S. C., last week with the Church Home Orphanage, which is under the care of Diocese of the Episcopal Church.

Busy superintendents from nearly all the States between Virginia and Texas laid aside other matters and came to Yorkville to mingle with the brethren and gain new ideas. As a whole it was a very enthusiastic gathering of men and women who were anxious to inform themselves along lines that will enable them to render greater efficiency in the orphanage work.

The sessions this year gave attention to practical and business features of the work, such as the dairy, the farm, the garden, poultry, the kitchen and the school, etc. The discussions were lively in all cases and much light was thrown upon the work in the various departments. The older members of the organization pronounced this the most interesting conference ever held by this body, and very correctly because it treated of the problems that daily confront the workers.

The Yorkville people entertained us in very pleasing style indeed. They were untiring in their efforts to supply everything that would add to the pleasure of our stay in Yorkville. Deaconess Gadsden, superintendent of the orphanage, deserves especial mention for the splendid manner in which she arranged for our pleasure while in Yorkville.

Rev. J. B. Branch of the Thornwell Orphanage made a splendid presiding officer. He is a thoroughly wide-awake and energetic young man and is a good assistant at the Thornwell Orphanage.

The Conference adjourned on Wednesday to meet next spring in Macon, Ga., with the Methodist Orphanage. Rev. W. T. Walker was elected president for the coming year.

The professors at Davidson are very much in demand as the school commencements draw near. There is splendid talent in this body of men and the audience is pleased wherever they go. The editor heard Dr. Lingle not long ago and was highly pleased. There are others who speak equally as well.

WHY BRYAN IS A PRESBYTERIAN.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will will not depart from it" is a saying that will bear the test of time. It is the early impressions of childhood that count most in the making or unmaking of a man. An exchange says that "Secretary W. J. Bryan is a Presbyterian elder. His parents were both Baptists, his father was a deacon. Ho did it happen? His parents sent him to a Presbyterian school, and he read Presbyterian literature, heard Presbyterian preaching. The result is natural—the Baptists lost a great man, the Presbyterians won him." That being accepted universally as true, we should look well to the interests of our Presbyterian schools and colleges and make them worthy of the patronage of others out of our denomination. And yet, we cannot conceive the idea of a big-hearted, broad-minded man like Mr. Bryan being a Baptist. Hardly. He could never say that immersion is the only form of Baptism, and he would never be willing to exclude the brethren of other denominations from the Lord's table. Bryan is too broad and fair for that. Really, friends, it was predestined from the first that Bryan should be a Presbyterian instead of a Baptist. He could not be Bryan and a Baptist at the same time.

EVANGELISTS.

Closing an editorial in "Everything" in which he under rates the work of evangelists, Col. Fairbrother makes this observation in conclusion:

Maybe Sunday is doing good. We hope to God he is—we do not want to disparage his campaign. But we fear marrying a woman on first sight—when we are admonished to be not too rash to make a world wide bargain.

God almighty is not a lightning change artist. He doesn't want you to act before you think. We find that the old preacher who hands down the eternal words each Sunday, calmly and conservatively: who asks the sinners to come up and be saved, in his year's work does more real good than the evangelistic who charges big prices; who makes a clown of himself in the pulpit and who uses any and all kinds of language. Sam Jones did some good—but his mode of procedure did great harm. He left too many men without a stimulant. Like the drunkard suddenly cut off from whiskey the relapse was too great—the nerves cried out and that sustaining power was gone because it was Jones instead of God who worked the change. Men cannot shed their skins in a minute unless God calls them. If they mistake the voice of the hired evangelist for the voice of God they go to pieces. This has been our observation and we have watched closely the results of all the evangelists, save Sunday. We do not know the percentage of his savings. We hope however he does good. That he is a powerful man there is no doubt.

"The kind of preachers needed" is the title of many an editorial nowadays. But really, it is not so much a question of quality as of quantity. The problem is in supplying the demand. About the only occasion for criticising a preacher is when he forgets his calling and joins the struggle for wordly riches and pleasure and neglects the Master's business. As long as he is consistent in his walk and profession and faithful to duty we should give him the kind word of encouragement and do all in our power to aid him.

REARING FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

Twenty-two States have decided that it is better to help widows to keep their children at home than to put the children in public institutions where the individuality and initiative will be ironed out of them. In thus keeping families together and promoting the natural development of children in the environment of a real home, the States spend, on an average, $6.30 a month per child, in the form of a "mother's pension."

New York State, now wrestling with the same problem, has been doing some figuring and arrived at these facts: The State is paying $5,000,000 a year to support children in institutions of various kinds. New York City alone has 33,000 children in such institutions. It pays for their "keep" $2.50 a week apiece. A large part of the children are the sons and daughters of widows who could support them comportably—and far more happily—at home for less money than that. Pennsylvania, with its mothers' pension system, takes care of its fatherless children for half the New York rate.

When states can develop better citizens at less expense, it's hard to understand why they hang onto the barbarous "orphan asylum" system.—Asheville Gazette.

We have heard the wind blow before. "Barbarous orphan asylums" indeed, who ever heard of such nonsense? While the church orphanages are not mentioned, we judge that this is a slap at them. We venture the statement that the writer of the above editorial has never visited and orphanage and never gave a penny to the support of one in his life. On the other hand this writer spent about ten years in one of these "barbarous" institutions and looks back upon his stay as the happiest days of his life, and more, I count it a blessing and privilege to have been given the opportunity. And again, the above writer is out of his head when he says "the State can develop better citizens at less expense." And yet, our State is afraid to say that the Bible may be used in the public schools if the teacher so desires. But in these "barbarous orphan asylums" the Bible is read twice daily and taught in the schools as a textbook and large portions are memorized. Really, friends, it makes us weary to hear some cheap John Yankee Philosopher spreading out his tommy rot to a people who have tried the orphanage system and found it the solution of the orphan problem.

In all probability the next Congress will pass a child-labor law with teeth. Of course it is wrong to put children to work at a very tender age, but nevertheless it is sometimes necessary. The proposed law will effect our southern mills considerably and they may as well adjust themselves to the new conditions. Our friends up North are greatly concerned now about our children. At one time they were anxious about our negroes, and now the negroes as a race are worse off than when they were slaves. But the southern white people are better off than they would have been had slavery prevailed.

"Our Dead Alter Fires—Shall They be Rekindled?" is the heading of an editorial in an exchange which discusses family worship. Our answer is that it should be rekindled. Family worship and proper observance of the Sabbath are hinges upon which rest our civilization. Neglect these and our boasted civilization will crumble to dust.

A collection from every Sunday School in the Synod is what the orphanage needs just now. The fourth Sunday is the time and wide-awake superintendents will do us a great favor by speaking a few words in behalf of the orphanage and seeing to it that the collection is forwarded to our treasurer promptly.

Gems of Thought for Every Day Living.

Looking Toward the Light

I asked the robin as he sprang
From branch to branch and sweetly sang,
What made his breast so round and red.
"Twas looking toward the sun" he said.

I asked the violets sweet and blue,
Sparkling with the morning dew,
Whence came their color. And then so shy,
They answered, "Looking toward the sky."

I saw the roses one by one
Unfold their petals to the sun,
I asked what made their tints so bright,
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

I asked the thrush whose silvery note
Came like a song from an angel's throat,
What made him sing in the twilight dim,
He answered, "Looking up to Him." Ex.

Man's impossibilities are God's easies.—T. De Witt Talmage.

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It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood.—Lowell.

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Eternal is his gladness who rejoices in an eternal good.—St Augustine.

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Character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means.—Emerson.

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The greatest man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Mencius.

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Chance is a word devoid of sense, nothing can exist without a cause.—Voltaire.

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A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by the sorsow of the heart the spirit is broken.—Old Testament.

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Only that is education which teaches us to work as God works, true to the line, every strike.—William Hawley.

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Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changes state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.—Byron.

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Wisdom isn't worth a rap to a laggard. Unutilized information is as worthless as ignorance; knowledge is not power until it is applied.—Herbert Kaufman.

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Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk.—George McDonald.

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He best preaches the truth of the cross who leads another sinner to its feet. He most fully sets forth the love of Christ who loves the souls of whom He died enough to lead them to Him.—Exchange.

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The man who does not hope for better things and does not believe that better things can be brought about, is not the man likely to bring these things about.—William Howard Taft.

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He who hopes to go to heaven on account of his good work, and he who expects to go there without doing any, may shake hands, for one is as deeply in the mud as the other is in the mire.—Old Humphrey.

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The Christian ideal is not freedom from work, but strength to do it; not freedom from temptation, but power to overcome it; not freedom from suffering, but joy in an abiding sense of the Father's love.—H. W. Watkins, D. D.

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Unsociable humors are contracted in soltitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding, as well as the manners, and utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, by flying from or quarreling with them.—Burke.

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Phillips Brooks once said: "Religion is not the simple fire-escape that you build in anticipation of a possible danger upon the outside of your dwelling, and leave there until danger comes. But religion is the house in which we live; it is the table at which we sit; it is the fireside to which we draw near; the room that arches its graceful and familiar presence over us."

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Your advertising is read by the best people in North Carolina—the people who have money to spend. In no other paper will you reach such a select class of readers at such low rates.
When you advertise in Our Fatherless Ones you are killing two birds with one stone, you get value for value for your money, make a donation to the orphanage and assist our paper which is the mouthpiece of the orphanage and a powerful factor in training our boys to become useful citizens.
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Location	Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.
Water	We have flowing wells of Sulphur water on the campus. In fact, Red Springs is a health resort.
Equipment	Our equipment is abreast of all modern requirements.
Faculty	Our Faculty is equal to the work demanded—which is, A THOROUGH EDUCATION.
	If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

REV. C. G. VARDELL, D. D., : Red Springs, N. C.

Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

REV. W. T. WALKER,
Superintendent and Treasurer,
BARIUM SPRINGS, : : N. C.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:
"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * *"
The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915.

The Exodus of North Carolina's Sons.

The University News Letter commenting on the figures cited in a recent speech by P. D. Gold, touches a subject well worth the consideration of North Carolinians. This State said Mr. Gold, has furnished the country outside its own borders 79 senators and representatives, three Presidents, two vice-presidents, five presidents pro-tem of the senate, five secretaries of the navy, two of the interior and one of agriculture. In the census year 380,372 North Carolinians were living in other states, and during the census period our net loss in interstate migration was 271,807.

We are proud of the great names that North Carolina has supplied to the national hall of fame, the News Letter admits, but it further inquires.

"Is it entirely a matter of self-congratulation? Why have these great figures left their home state to do their life's work? Has North Carolina done all she could to keep them within her borders? Has she justly and amply rewarded the statesmen who have honestly, fearlessley, and consistently stood for the best in her civil life? Has she and her citizenry stood shoulder to shoulder and presented a solid front in the war against evil and wickedness? Has she placed her abundant resources easily and freely at the disposal of her workers in the educational field Has she offered the fullest opportunity to the upbuilding of educational enterprises and centers, that her sons might find an outlet here at home for their abilities as administrative and executive leaders?

"North Carolina has not developed her industrial, mineral, agricultural, educational, moral and religous resources in reasonable measure. She has literally sent from her borders many sons who have ambition, energy, and progressive ideas. She has been proud of her conservatism, and she has been paying a penalty for it by having other states reap the benefit of vigor, vitality, and abounding energy of her famous sons.

"Caution, deliberation, watchfulness, prudence, are all worthy and manly virtues; but when these masterly traits of life in an individual of in a state become predominantly the ruling order of things, stagnation begins. If a tate or an individual fails to reach out, experiment, explore, then development ceases, growth stops, dry rot sets in, and our sons move into other states and sections."

It has long been notorious that a North Carolinian can achieve fame and fortune almost anywhere except in North Carolina. Is our boasted conservatism verging on stagnation? The fact that we refuse to spend but $1.46 per capita on our state government is certainly not indicative of any notably progressive spirit. — Greensboro News.

One of the worst habits, formed in early life, is that of borrowing trouble, of looking on the black side of things. It is much easier to talk down than to talk up. We are naturally, pessimistic. One of the best of success-helps is to acquire, early in youth, a habit of thinking the best, not the worst, will happen; that we are not poor, miserable creatures, hounded on every hand by the enemies of our life and happiness.

Sayings of "Billy" Sunday

The launching of a boy or girl to live for Christ is greater than to launch a battleship.

I tell you, if you give God a chance, he will fill your heart to overflowing. Just give him a chance.

There is no power on earth that can lift to Heaven, or shove to hell, like the touch of a mother's hand.

What's the use of trying to keep your boys from becoming cigarette fiends, when their fathers smoke a cigar?

The only way on God's earth you can solve the problem of reaching the masses, is by getting hold of the children. You get the boys and girls started right and the devil will hang crepe on his door.

To plant a thought in the mind of a child that will stay there and grow, is greater than putting in a big crop. Building a character beats building a skyscraper, or a battleship, or a railroad.

I tell you women, fooling away your time hugging and kissing a poodle dog, caressing a Spitz, drinking a society bran mash or cocktail, and playing cards is mighty small business, compared to molding the life of a child.

Mothers and teachers of children, whether in public school or Sunday School, fill their places so great that there isn't any angel in Heaven that wouldn't be glad to give a bushel of diamonds to come down here and take your place.

A young man joined the church and the preacher asked him, "What was it that I said that induced you to become a Christian?" Said the young man, "Nothing that I ever heard you say, but it was the way my mother lived."

There is power enough in a word or act to blight a boy or girl, and through them to curse a community. There is a power enough in a word or act to influence the life of a child, so it will become a power to lift the world to Jesus Christ.—Ex.

Playing a Losing Game.

Alcohol is playing a losing game. For the last ten years public sontiment has been crystalizing against the use of this narcotic. No longer is it considered good form to indulge in the social drink; no longer is it tolerated in the business world. Society condemns it and the modern business man will not have it around. And probably one of the most staggering blows alcohol has received was when Secretary of State, Bryan, refused to serve it at his table to the diplomatic corps also when Sec. of the Navy, Daniels, abolished the wine mess in the Navy. The attitude of these men towards the use of whiskey, champagne, wine, beer, etc., has brought the harmfulness of such before men of high authority more acutely and more pressingly than any other one thing. It is not to be doubted that their efforts to rid this country of the curse have been, and are, greatly instrumental in influencing powerful men in the English and Russian governments to curtail and forbid the use and sale of intoxicating liquors. When kings, emperors and prime ministers, by a single stroke of the pen, wipe the alcoholic evils from their domains, it is the beginning of the end.—Ex.

Brute Force

After all has been said that can be said about the science of war, the fact remains that force is a stupid man's way of getting things.

Force came into the world a long time before brains did. Man's ancestors could fight gloriously and with utter disregard of consequences ages before they knew how to cook a steak.

Before brains were developed, disputes between men had to be settled by thumpings and poundings and gougings. It was no use to appeal to reason because there was no reason to appeal to.

But now there is reason in abundance. Men can do the most wonderful things: things that make them pinch themselves to make sure that they are awake.

The influence even of a great war is small beside that of a successful invention, of the importance of the steam engine or the electric dynamo.

Any kind of brute force seems out of date and compared with the peaceful power of mind.—Twin City Sentinel.

Calling Central Telephone Rudeness.

It is said that there is a golden mean between extremes in all things. In China, when a woman calls up the telephone central for a connection she uses language something like this:

"My beautiful, sweet-voiced sister, will please do me the joy-giving pleasure of ringing 1245 so a dutiful wife can communicate with her sublime husband."

Over here when we call up we say, "Whosezat?" When the central kindly informs us that it is central, we say "Gimme Bill Jones." When some one at the other end answers we again sing out "Whosezat?" and on being politely informed that it is Bob Smith, we yell, "Don't want you," and intimate that Bob is not better than a convict for answering his own ring. Then we go through the whole rig-a-ma-role again until Bill Jones is found.

The golden mean between these two extremes of politeness and rudeness is to simply call the number that you wish and when you get and answer say simyly, "I wish to speak to Mr. Jones," or words to that effect. Then if Mr. Jones has answered the phone he will say, "This is Mr. Jones." or if he hasn't the one who has answered will call Mr. Jones or tell you that he is not in, or that you have the wrong number. There is no occasion to be rude. —Monroe Journal.

Only A Day.

A Day is a short space of time, all too short for the man of business or pleasure; but it is not to short to allow a kindly, ennobling thought, a helpful word, a soulful act. It is suprising how easily one can acquire the habit of saying or doing something daily to help another. It is not a mean record to have, when the year is done, three hundred and sixty-five little kindnesses standing to our credit! No four walls are so narrow, no life so shut in as to exclude the possibility of our radiating wholesome cheer and extending the helping hand. Indeed, all that is required is the will to do it, and it is done. The influence of books and paintings is great, but the influence of an unselfish, consecrated life is beyond anything we conceive. All of us know such persons and we esteem them and mention their names with feelings of pride. They are heavenly oil in the swift-going and nervous machinery of society. Now if we were to add our names to this company of uncrowned saints there would be still more happiness and goodness in a world where there are far too many cloudy, murky days.

No Escape for Justice.

There is no such thing as escaping justice. The laws of justice are eternal and ever-present. A man may flee the courts when he has committed some crime, but he cannot escape from being hunted, not for the conviction of having done wrong. My friends may decieve me and may play me false, and I may never find it out; but he knows in his heart that he is a scoundrel, and he cannot escape that knowledge. Every act brings its reaction; if good, it makes one better; if bad it makes one worse. As sure as the water seeks its own level, justice will be had: Not, perhaps, openly, not today, maybe, but at some future time and at some other place, the man who has done wrong will be punished. There is no escape from the result of an act. (Pender Chronicle.)

The Temple of Child-Hood.

The schoolhouse is the temple which we erect to the God of childhood. The schoolroom is the home of the child during the most important hours of the most important years of its life. The schoolroom, the schoolhouse, and the school grounds constitute the best index to the degree of civilization and to the ideals of the community.

As are the school and the schoolhouse, so will be the home, the city, the State and the Nation. For every community the motto should be: For our School—Health, Comfort, and Beauty.—P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education.

The day that thy pride becomes vanity, cut it out with the sickle of reproof.—M. Clay Burbridge.

The Humorous Side of Life.

Colored Mammy—"I wants to see Mistah Cummins."

Office Boy—"Mr. Cummins is engaged."

Colored Mammy—"Well, I doan want to marry 'im, honey."—Woman's Home Companion.

Bee Master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which stung him.)

Ah! you shouldn't do that, the bee will die now. You should have helped her to extract her sting, which is spirally barbed, by gently turning her round and round.

Pupil—All very well for you, but how do I know which way she unscrews?—Pluck.

How it's Done.

"Senator, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs."

"I need a job, Senator."

"Well, I'll ask for a commission to investigate as to why there are no jobs and you can get a job on that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Shortly after the reconstruction period began an old Southern planter met one of his negroes whom he had not seen since the latter's liberation.

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Josh?"

"I's a-preaching'."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yessah, marster, I'se a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At the fust I used notes, but now I de-mands de cash."—Judge.

"Why are children so much worse than they used to be?"

"I attribute it to improved ideas in building."

"How so?"

"Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof."—Life.

"Does your daughter play the piano by ear?"

"No,', replied Mr. Cumrox; "she uses both hands and both feet. But I don't think she has learned to use her ears."—Washington Star.

Practical Use.

"Run up-stairs, Tommy, and bring baby's night-gown," said mother.

"Don't want to," said Tommy.

"O, Tommy, if you are not kind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven,"

Tommy's reply came with confident precision: "Well, let her put on her wings, and fly up-stairs for her nighty."

Moonlight Schools

Anything that makes a stab at illiteracy should make the unqualified endorsemont of every right thinking citizen, and this is what the moonlight schools of the state are doing—trying to reduce illiteracy among the grown-ups of North Carolinia. This State has gained to much notoriety from this cause already, and we all want to see the matter remedied.

Many people are apparently of the opinion that the moonlight schools are only a passing fad and have not become interested in their work. From all accounts these night schools are doing good work for the unfortunate class of people who for various reasons failed to secure an enducation in the usual way and the work should have the endorsement and encouragement of good people throughout the State. Let's have more moonlight schools and fewer moonshine stills.—Ex.

The request has been made many times, and will be repeated many times yet if the people do not make one collection a month from every Sunday school in the State for the Orphanage. No school is too poor not to respond. We have so many schools that if each would cooperate the support of the Orphanage would be an easy matter, and anxiety for its support would give nobody nervous prostration. One collection a month, did you hear it brother?—Connie Maxwell.

Panama-Pacific Expositions

San Francisco & San Diago

Many Variable Routes
Attractive and Senic Stop-Over Points
Upon Excursion Rates
Via The

Atlantic Coast Line

THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF THE SOUTH.

For Information, Write
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PRICE 25¢ QUINACETOL REGISTERED TRADE MARK FOR LA GRIPPE AND COLDS W. F. HALL MANUFACTURING CHEMIST Statesville, N.C

Mailed to any address on receipt of price.

W. F. HALL,
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Charlotte Hardware Company

Wholesale and Retail

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Everything in the Hardware Line

Wanted:

Dried apples, peach seed and unpeeled peaches. We can use any quanity and would thank you to write us for prices, if you have any to sell.

J. K. Morrison & Son's Co.
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Statesville Female College.

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CAREFUL INFLUENCES.
MODERATE PRICES.
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Ready-to-Wear Clothing of the Best Quality.
Hats and Furnishing Goods
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Read These Letters!

Mount Mourn, N. C.
January 2nd., 1915.

Barium Springs Co:—

Please accept my thanks for the ten gallons of water you presented me, at the request of Rev. C. M. Richards, D. D., of Davidson.

The Water Has Cured My Eczema

Dr. Richards was here today and was surprised at my quick recovery, said a picture of me before I began using it would be a great advertisement for the water.

Yours respectfuily,
J. C. Kennedy.

Note by Barium Springs Co.—Rev. J. C. Kennedy is blind, but is bright, happy and cheerful in his declining years. Dr. Richards often visits him.

Lancaster, S. C.
December, 1914.

Barium Springs Co:—

"I ordered some of your water and it cured my wife and my brother of Eczema.

It is certainly a wonderful water.
Isaac T. Hunter.

This water has cured many cases of Rheumatism, Kidney, Stomach and Skin troubles. Try it and be convinced.

GUARANTEE.—Should any one use ten gallons of the water and receive no benefit, we will cheerfully refund amount paid us on return of vessels in good order.

Barium Springs Company
Barium Springs, : : N. C.

THE OLD RELIABLE ACME FERTILIZERS

FAMOUS FOR THEIR PRODUCING POWER

Brands Perfectly Manipulated, of Highest Grade Materials and Always in Splendid mechanical Condition.

Manufactured by an Independent Home Company.

Are Offered to the Trade for the Twenty-Eighth Year.

ACME MANUFACTURING CO.

William Gilchist, President, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Short Stories for the Boys and Girls

The Boy for Me.

The boy who holds mother and home above
The boy who loafs on the street,
Who places her love above all jeers,
Is the lad I like to meet.
The boy who is not ashamed to lean
Sometimes on his mother's knee,
Or to fold her hands within his own—
Oh, this is the boy for me!

The boy who is always his father's chum,
Who walks with him day by day,
Who plans with him and hopes with him,
Will never go far astray.
The boy who listens to his father's advice
Though perhaps he cannot see
That father is ever his truest friend,
Is always the boy for me.

Oh, father and mother give love, dear lad!
Give love that knows no defeat;
They are always true—can you say the same
Of your friends who loaf on the street?
Oh, the boy who is not afraid to lean
Ofttimes on his mother's knee,
Who is proud to be known as his father's chum,
Is ever the boy for me!

—Florence Jones Hadley.

Guarding His Own Honor.

A few months ago a gentleman who stands high in the community where he lives, stepped from a train on his return from a business trip to the nearest city—some twentyfive miles distant. Still holding a railroad ticket in his fingers, he gave it to a young boy, a "newsy" about thirteen years of age, saying: "Here Danny, this will save you a good dollar and quarter when next you go up to Springfield. That numskull of a conductor never put in his appearance, and it is as good as the hour I bought it.

The boy looked embarrassed at first, and in an uneasy manner glanced from the smiling gentleman to the bit of paper in his hand; then he asked timidly: "But, Mr. Reynolds, didn't you travel to Springfield and back on it?"

"Certainly," returned Mr. Reynolds, "but that don't hurt the ticket in the least. Don't you see that it has not a mark or a scratch on it.?"

"Yes, but did you not get the worth of your money out of it?" insisted the boy.

"Of course I did, but that is no reason why you should not do the same," Mr. Reynolds answered. "It was no fault of mine if the conductor did not attend to business, either on the trip up or down again. Passengers are not supposed to risk their necks hunting up railroad officials, are they?"

"No," agreed Danny hesitatingly.

"Then put it in your pocket and so save fare the next time you go up to see your mother," counseled the gentleman. "A good silver dollar and a bright new quarter were paid for it, and you will just save that amount by using it, enough to get mother a nice present—something that would both please and surprise her."

For a moment Danny was on the point of yielding but the reference to his mother's being pleased and surprised made him draw his hand back, "You are just that much poorer" returned Mr. Reynolds irritably.

"As if a big corporation like the Southern railroad company would ever miss the insignificant amount of one dollar and twenty-five cents."

"Still, I know it would not be right for me to use it," maintained Danny sturdily; and take the ticket he would not.

Later, when Mr. Reynolds was in need of a boy by whom large sums of money were handled, it was Danny the boy with the peculiar conscience that he employed, explaining to a friend when he sent for him: "A boy unwilling to take advantage of a railroad will not be a dangerous chap to have in charge of an office with piles of money to be guarded."

God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race, to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our faculties; to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring around our firesides bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children.—Selected.

A Lock on His Lips.

"Now, if you sit with the other boys of your class in church during the sermon," cautioned Robert's mother, "put a lock on your lips and don't whisper for you disturb the minister."

"I'll try," smiled Robert; "but it's hard for a fellow to keep from talking when another boy asks you questions and punches you in the ribs because you don't answer."

"But my boy is brave and true-hearted," encouraged his mother, "and I know he can do it."

Robert's mother took a last look, to see that his tie and waist were all right, then kissed him good-bye, and he was off.

After Sabbath school, Robert took a place in the church in a pew with the rest of the class. They were right in front of the minister, who could note all their actions. He had hardly begun his sermon when, Arthur, who sat next to Robert, began to talk to him. There was no answer. Robert shoved over closer to the end of the bench and looked straight at the preacher. Arthur became vexed because Robert would not answer his questions, and began punching him in the ribs with his elbows. Robert remembered what his mother had said, and endured it bravely. He was against the end of the bench, and could not move farther away. Robert felt the blood rising in his face, and he was about to retaliate by punching Arthur in the side with his fist when the minister stopped short in his sermon and looked straight at Arthur for a moment.

"Arthur," he said, "I wish you wouldn't bother Robert. He is trying to listen to what I am saying, and he doesn't want to talk to you."

Arthur blushed and dropped his head, then he moved away from Robert as far as he could get. Robert kept his eyes on the preacher and became more interested than ever in what he was saying.

"I put a lock on my lips, all right," said Robert to his mother, on arriving home; "but if the preacher had not helped me, I suspect I would have broken the lock all to pieces."

Then he told his mother what had happened, and she kissed him and told him she was so glad the lock was not broken, even if the preacher did help him keep it.—Ex.

No One Can Stand Alone.

In speaking of human interdependence, an exchange says that "in these days there are many who imagine they can get along in life without the assistance of their fellow-men, and without helping their neighbors. They try to impress this attitude upon all with whom they come in contact. But this is contrary to the fundamental principles of human society—that of human inter-dependence. It is the opposite of what God's Word teaches; for here we are told that 'No man liveth unto himself alone.' Each one of us needs the help of his neighbor. The old cobbler of ancient times could not paint a picture, but he could tell Appeles, the famous Greek artist, that the shoe latchet in his production was not quite right; and the painter improved his work by taking the hint. The farmer knew nothing about calculus, but he was able to predict that burying eggs in the earth would not produce chickens; and the professor accepted the advice and profited thereby. Two neighbors, one blind and other lame, were called upon to make a long journey to transact important business. How could this be done in days when modern means of transit were unknown? Easily; the blind carried the lame! So let us not say to any one, 'I can do without you,' for we never know we shall fall short in our efforts to perform the tasks or solve the problems of life. Therefore, an humble acknowledgement of our mutual need of assistance will make it possble for us to scale many of the difficulties of life with comparative ease."

Brown (in the middle of a tal shooting story), "Hardly had I taken aim at the lion on my right when I heard a rustle in the jungle grass, and perceived an enormous tiger approaching on my left, and now found myself on the horns of a dilemma!

Interested Little Boy—"Oh, and which one did you shoot first, the lion or the tiger, or the dilemma?"—Punch.

HOME HAPPENINGS

—What can you send the orphans?

• • • •

—Trun over to page two and read "America for Me." If that isn't good poetry this writer knows nothing whatever about good poetry.

• • • •

—Nature is rampant at this time. All the fruit trees are in full bloom and the orchards present a scene of gorgeous beauty.

• • • •

—John Ford and Laurie Auten killed a king snake the other morning, and Mr. "Mac" reproved them for doing so. Then Laurie said it wasn't a king snake, it was a carp. Some of us are of the opinion that Laurie has his fish and snakes mixed.

• • • •

—Mr. J. S. Hall of Charlotte is here installing an up-to-date anticeptic tank for our sewerage system. He is well up on his job and parties in need of some one to do work of this kind would do well to get in touch with him.

• • • •

—All the girls are doing it. What? Tatting. That's what they call it and it is quite interesting to know that it so fashionable. Tatting requires skill and industry and we are pleased to note that these qualities are being developed in our girls.

• • • •

—Mr. A. McM. Blount of Parkton arrived last week and has accepted the position of mechanic in the Home. He and his family are welcome here, and doubly so, because Mr. Blount is the owner of an automobile, the first to be owned by a resident of Barium Springs. They will occupy the Bradshaw house.

• • • •

—Spring finds us happy. Our friends have boosted our support fund of and the we have been expecting failed to appear. Even though other causes have been calling loudly, friends have been standing by the Home in a way that deserves praise. If you will only continue the good work we promise not to "beg" at all. But mind, don't think the treasury is flush with money. It is not. We are happy because the expected debt did not appear.

—"Take out that advertisement in Our Fatherless Ones, I am getting more orders for cabbage plants than I can fill," said Mr. Cowan. "This morning's mail brought orders for 1,700 plants, and I am afraid we will not have enough left for ourselves if the orders keep coming." As a matter of fact, he didn't advertise at all. We only mentioned in a local that we have cabbage plants for sale. That shows that people read Our Fatherless Ones, and it pays to advertise. Friends, if you want plants, send on your orders. He had no business advertising with us if he did not expect a rushiug business.

Reading and Thinking

We are a generation of readers. One is astonished to stand on a street corner and see the armfuls of books go by. Libraries are within the reach of everybody. The congressional library at Washington has capacity for about one hundred miles of shelving. And space is filling with alarming rapidity. Persons who do not read are considered out of joint with the times. And those who read little are not far removed from the same class. This is the very arbitrary standard a reading-mad public set up.

But there is a better way, and that better way is to read carefully and deliberately, and mix thinking with reading. It is not the quantity of literary meat we take into the system, but the amount we digest builds intellectual and moral tissue. Great thinkers do not read many books. They do not have the time. They will not allow writers to do all their thinking for them. They live by mental self-exercise. A book is trashy that does not make us stop to think. Dr. Samuel Johnson said, "Beware of the man of one book." But he did not mean, as many wrongly suppose, that the man who had read one book is either ignorant or dangerously conceited he meant that it is not safe for one to have as an antagonist the man who has mastered one book. He is educated who reads, digests and thinks through one good volume.—Ex.

"Happiness," declared the philosopher pompously, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the plain citizen, "Have you ever chased the last car on a rainy night?"

Wet days plus wet feet = colds

Children's colds ought never to be neglected for one single minute.

They are too dangerous and develop quickly into more serious complications.

VICK'S Croup and Pneumonia SALVE

will break up a cold quickly and without any bad after effects. It acts by absorption and inhalation—healing and antiseptic vapors go right to the seat of the trouble, quicker and better than internal medicine—*Vick's* has no bad effect on the stomach. Have a jar of *Vick's* on hand always.

At your druggist's or by mail.

25c., 50c., $1.00

Economy suggests the dollar size

VICK'S FAMILY REMEDIES CO.
Greensboro, N. C.

20 Beautiful, High-Grade Post Cards, if you return this ad. and Ten Cents to **10c**

Post Card Specialty Co., Mount Olive, N. C.
P. O. BOX 32.

W. G. JARRELL MACHINE CO.

20-26 W. Fourth St., Charlotte N. C.

The best equipped repair shop in the Carolinas. We make a specialty of Corliss Engine and Pump repairs.

Night or Day, Except Sundays.
Phone 367. Night Call 2006-p

Films Developed.

10c per roll of six exposures. Prints 3 and 4 cents. Post cards 5c. Enlargements 25c and up.

W. J. Huneycutt, Glade Valley, N C

Seaboard Air Line Railway

Trains Leave Charlotte Effective January 3, 1915.

East and North Bound

No. 14—5:30 a. m.—Through train for Wilmington, with parlor car attached. Connecting at Hamlet with train for Portsmouth, Norfolk, Raleigh and all points north. Dining car service, vestibule coaches and sleeping cars to Washington and New York, connecting at Maxton for A. C. L. points north.

No. 34—10:10 a. m.—For Raleigh and all local points.

No. 20—5:05 p. m.—For Wilmington sleeping car, passengers can stay in all night at Wilmington. This train connects at Hamlet for Savannah, Jacksonville and all points south and north and connecting at Maxton with A. C. L. for points north.

No. 16—7:18 p. m.—Handles local sleeper Portsmouth-Norfolk, connectin at Monroe for Atlanta and all points west and southwest, also connects at Monroe with fast train for Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and New York, through vestibule coaches. Pullman electric lighted sleeping cars to New York, dining cars Richmond to New York

West Bound

No. 15—9.00 a. m.—Local for Rutherfordton, connecting at Bostic with C. C. & O. for all points on that line to Johnson City, Tenn.

No. 31—3:25 p. m.—Local for Rutherfordton from Raleigh, connecting at Lincolnton with C. & N. W. for points on that line.

For further information call 'phone 180, City office, 32 W. Trade St.

James Ker Jr., T. P. A.
Charlotte, N. C.
John T. West, D. P. A.,
Raleigh, N. C.

Piano Tuning

Do you know that by allowing your pianos to go untuned indefinitely, you are ahereby vitiating the ears of those who practice upon it, so that in time they won't be able to distinguish consenance from dissenance.

W. E. Senn, Charlotte, N. C.

S M & H Shoe Co.

Our Fall and Winter Styles of Shoes are Here, and they, by their QUALITY, invite your inspection.

SHOES to SHOE youth, manhood, womanhood and old age.

We have the very latest in collars and cuffs. Our shirts will Satisfy in style and quality, the most critical taste.

S M & H SHOE CO.
STATESVILLE, N. C.

To Mrs. L. W. Sanders.

Who is devoted to the cause of the orphans and leader of the South Side Barium Springs Orphanage Circle, Charlotte.

Here's to our Leader, so tried and true,
How we have thought of and missed you too.
We wish for you happiness, health and strength
For we know the Master has need of you.

There is much to be done
And O what a privilege beyond measure
That we are allowed to work with Him
To comfort and cheer and brighten and help
These dear little children, these fatherless ones.

May our hearts grow warmer with love
And our fingers move busy with work
As the garments are cut and laid aside
To be sold for the fatherless ones.

'Tis a band of good and resourceful women
There is no telling what we could do
If we would just surrender ourselves
And learn what the real needs are.

And here's a good wish to our Treasured dear
Who can do other things besides gather and pass
This much loved and sought after necessay evil
For she and our Leader are just one in good works.

And here's to our hostess so gracious and good
Who has opened her home this beautiful day
And here and now let us each one anew
Pledge of ourselves more love and service to the fatherless ones.

Laura J. Baird.

Statement of amount paid by Pres. from April 1, '14 to April 1, '15.

Presbytery	Apportioned	Amount Paid	Children Clothed.
Albemarle	$ 1,500	$2,229.72	21
Asheville	500	240.79	3
Concord	3,400	4,247.12	21‡
Fayetteville	3,800	4,456.53	40‡
Kings Mountain	1,000	877.64	8
Mecklenburg	3,500	2,537.80	28‡
Orange	4,800	5,555.51	32
Wilmington	1,500	1,411.56	26
Total	$20,000	$21,556.67	179

Received on Building & Equipment Fund last year.... $ 9,667.95
" " " " to date..... 43,751.53

‡Money sent to buy clothing for 2 of these children.

WHAT FIVE CENTS A MONTH PER MEMBER WOULD ACCOMPLISH.

No. of churches in the Synod of North Carolina	500
No. of churches in the Synod that gave last year	276
No. of churches that gave nothing last year	224
No. of communicants in the Synod of North Carolina, approximately	50,000
If each communicant would give 5 cents per month, or 60 cents per year, this would be more than our apportionment, and amount to	$30,000
No. of Sunday schools in the Synod, about	500
No. of Sunday schools that contributed, year ending October, 1914	146
No. of Sunday schools that contributed nothing	354
No. of Sunday school scholars, teachers and officers in the Synod of North Carolina, about	36,000
If every Sunday school scholar would give 5 cents each, per month, or 60 cents a year, this would amount to	$21,600
No. of Societies in the Synod, about	500
No. of Societies that contributed last year	125
No. of Societies that contributed nothing	375

Since the establishment of the Home twenty-five years ago, about 650 children have been trained here, averaging about four years each. One hundred and ninety-five children are now in the Institution.

SEED CORN FOR SALE.

Huneycutt's Prolific for upland and bottoms. Good "Roasting Ear Variety." Pint 10c, quart 25c, postpaid. Write for prices on large quantities. Also White Leghorn Eggs. Longfield Poultry Farm, Theo. F. Huneycutt, Prop., Locust, N. C.

"The Gospel For the Laymen's Age."

By Rev. W.M. Sikes. B.D. Newton, N. C.

Presents the church's message of the hour. A clear and forceful statement of truth. Just the book you need in meeting your present opportunity. Price $1.25 postpaid. Order from the author.

Belk Brothers

Lion and Belk Spring Shirts

New Spring line Lion and Belk White and Fancy Coat Shirts, made of Percale, Madras and Souisette—98c., $1.25 and $1.50.

Special lot All Silk Four-in-Hands—25c

Lion Silk Shirts $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

All the new ideas in Spring Neckwear, including the Tipperary Greens, Sand Shade materials, etc., made of fine silks, choice—48c

Silk Sox 25c

Mr. Man, why pay 50c for Silk Sox when you can buy the Ipswich Silk Sox here in white and all colors—25c

Mens and Boys Spring Suits

Men's and Boy's New Spring Suits coming in every day. Come in while you can get good selections.

Men's All Wool Suits, $7.50. $8.75, $9.50, $12,50 and $15.00

Styleplus and Schloss Clothing

Styleplus Guaranteed Suits—$17.00
Schloss Hand-Tailored Suits—$15.00 to $25.00

Mens and Boys Pants

200 pairs Men's all Pure Worsted Pants, values up to $4.00, choice—$2.48

Boys' Pants, 50, 93c and $1.50

Hats and Caps

Stetson and Belk Hats in all the new shapes and colors $2.00, $2.50 and $3.50

Men's and Boys New Spring Caps 25 and 48

BELK BROTHERS

Charlotte North Carolina.